

CANDOUR

The British Views-Letter

Founded by A. K. Chesterton in 1953 to defend National Sovereignty against the menace of International Finance
Vol. XXXIV Nos. 7 and 8 Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper July/August 1983

DEMOCRACYS' MOCK BATTLE

by HUGH McNEILE

An honour bestowed on this humble writer when general election time comes round is that inquisitors from the main political parties, in setting out to dissect and claim their respective portions of that amorphous entity called "public opinion", pound on my door and solicit some response to questions about my voting intentions. As my political faith has been probed at every election since I was old enough to vote, I suppose I should feel rather privileged. Gracious concession has been shown to the voting power I exercise as an individual in this glorious democracy. The fact that practically every other person in the neighbourhood has been accorded the same distinction in no way lessens my pride. It is something these days not to be left out!

Well, this time a charming lady appeared on behalf of my Conservative candidate (the Labour and Liberal hopefuls sent neither two men nor a dog to my out-of-the-way door).

"May we rely on your support for Mr. What-Not?" she enquired. *No!*

"Oh, you don't intend to vote Labour do you?" *No!*

"Are you going to vote for the Liberal candidate?" *No!*

"Do you mean to say," she asked, beginning to sound a trifle shocked that I should express such a negative attitude to the democratic process, "you don't intend to vote . . . at all?" *Yes!* I replied, beaming.

The grand inquisitors, on examining my replies, no doubt concluded that they were dealing with an anarchist, a lunatic or someone who is absurdly apathetic. I have no intention of pleading the cause of my own sanity, but I can at least testify that I am neither an anarchist nor supine. My answers were given in all seriousness and represented my true intentions. The fact that my Tory lady's canvassing return did not enable her to write down my subsequent explanation that I would not vote for any of the established parties because they *all* refuse to campaign for British or even human interests (few, indeed, are the candidates pledged to oppose abortion

on principle), is not my fault. I imagine my dilemma as an elector has been shared by quite a few *Candour* readers not fortunate enough to have a patriotic candidate for whom they could vote.

True Blue Ruin

So self-revealed has the party racket become that it matters little which party triumphs at election time: we are too familiar with the treasonable policies of all two-and-two-bits of the party game to be taken in by the thought that their spurious electioneering promises augur any hope of national revival. As our Editor summed up the situation so floridly after the first of 1974's brace of electoral orgies, "the pre-election hawks, doves and flamingoes can now put off their more colourful feathers and be revealed as the plague of grey gulls that has done its utmost to reduce our fair land to a rubbish dump loaded with imported offal that is the favoured dish of such predators." So long as they are free to squawk and shuffle and fight for the tawdry pomp of office, the party politicians will remain indifferent to the fate of our nationhood.

Consider their respective ramps:

Precisely what *have* the Conservatives conserved? Certainly not the things precious and sacred to our nation, having progressively given way before the enemies of Britain, internal as well as external — while taking care, of course, to strike a superficially patriotic stance before the public. Thinking only of keeping their own backside safe in Parliamentary seats (how times have changed from when Anthony Trollope could write that it was "the highest and most legitimate pride of an Englishman to have the letters M.P. after his name"), the Tories have shown themselves prepared to veer with every wind of change. Is it any wonder that the most mighty Empire that the world has ever known visibly fell to pieces when entrusted to such creatures? At least we know the Labour Party for what it is — a collection of traitors to their own country as a matter of principle. But who can discern the ghost of a principle behind what the modern Conservative will say and do?

Barely a year after the blood-sacrifice of 256 British servicemen in the South Atlantic, Mrs. Thatcher's Government not only committed millions of pounds to an International Monetary Fund loan which will help Argentina to re-arm, but has allowed British firms to supply actual parts to the Argentinian navy! When pinned down on the matter in B.B.C. Radio 4's *The World At One*, Michael Heseltine, the usually flamboyant "Defence" Secretary, could only mutter in justification of this sordid and disgusting act of betrayal, "If we didn't sell the parts to the Argentinians, some other nation would." The same argument applies to trade with our other "enemies" the Russians. Truly the Socialist may be said to be left at the starting-post by the likes of Mr. Heseltine in the race to earn the greatest possible public loathing and contempt.

A. K. Chesterton once remarked that political labels, instead of describing realities, have become a substitute for them in many people's minds. That is why those who would have us back Mrs. Thatcher cannot see the enormous mistake they are making in supposing that the Conservative Party is the champion of national sovereignty. In fact, it has shirked the arduous task of safeguarding British independence from the untender mercies of the big international lending-houses ever since 1919. *Candour* readers need no history lessons on how the Conservatives, in settling the terms of repayment of the £1,000,000,000 borrowed by Rufus Isaacs, handed over to America the first instalments of our sovereignty by abdicating our supremacy at sea and ending the alliance with Japan. Forty years on, the Party yes-men were responding to Loyalist calls for Britain to shoulder the responsibility for her own national survival with Harold Macmillan's catchword "interdependence" — a demonstrable euphemism, in fact, for cravenly surrendering the power of decision on certain crucial matters to Washington.

Here in the present day, there is still some uncertainty about the outcome of Mrs. Thatcher's preening and posturing at the Ninth International Economic Summit. But since the plans and programmes discussed by "free" world leaders were already laid down at preliminary meetings of powerful internationalist groups like the Trilateral Commission, the I.M.F., the World Bank, G.A.T.T. and the Club of Rome in the preceding month, as our American colleague Don Bell has catalogued in his admirable newsletter, we may conclude that the Williamsburg weekend was designed for little else than giving the one-worlders' decisions on protectionism, international debt, East-West trade, etc. the stamp of officialdom and legality. Don described

Williamsburg as "a play, staged just to entertain and bemuse the masses," starring "eight headlined actors." We may be sure that ninety nine per cent of the audience, indeed, could not see the Bretton Woods for the trees! Interdependence remains the rule and the regimen: Mrs. Thatcher has behaved as abjectly as the old scoundrel Macmillan in subordinating national interests to what Trilateral Commissioner Henry Owens has called "the evolving system of global governance".

Party Of International Finance

If the Conservatives have no desire to foster British interests outside the control of the Transatlantic dollar-barons, then the Labour Party displays equal reticence in breaking the fetters of economic and political bondage. For all its agitation against the businessman whose drive and flair brings prosperity to a few hundred employees, the Socialists have always been extremely reluctant to define their attitude to the money-power that lives by creating credit, lending other people's money, juggling with currencies and deliberately engineering slumps and depressions. I have yet to hear Michael Foot, Anthony Wedgewood Benn or any other Labour hot gospeller explain this anomaly or do anything to refute the charge made donkeys' years ago by Major Douglas, the Social Credit leader, that the Socialists are pre-eminently the party of international finance. The Labour Party's manifesto plans for substantially extending public ownership have always curiously omitted the type of capitalist concern that produces only debt and servitude.

At least the Socialists are open in their advocacy of the final obsequies of the British will to live. In the election campaign, they have been sincere enough to proclaim in advance that they would divest Great Britain of what remains of her own power of nuclear deterrence, in order to appease the bomb-banners by whom the Labour Party is infested. And unlike the Conservatives, with their bogus promises to effect a dramatic cut-back in immigration, the Socialists have made no secret of their obscene fixation for wet-nursing the coloured man at the expense of the native Briton. The fat and fatuous Roy Hattersley, for instance, announced on the radio last summer that it would be his intention as Home Secretary in a Labour Government to replace racial discrimination against Blacks by racial discrimination against Whites — except that he called the measure "positive" discrimination — in order to ensure "proper representation" of Blacks in every work force. Such preferential treatment of racial minorities has already been introduced piecemeal by local authorities controlled by left-wing Labour zealots. If

the "moderate" Mr. Hattersley were to have his way the effect would be that those possessed of a White skin would very soon be the under-privileged in Britain.

My scorn for the Labour and Conservative Parties is no less applicable to the Liberals, who would be the last party to support if one's political motive is to try to find a means to serve the greatness and freedom of Britain. The legacy of Liberalism is damning — it was under the banner of economic Liberalism that private enterprise was largely transformed into monopoly capitalism. The internationalist policies on which the Liberals and their Social Democratic accomplices now campaign (such as our irrevocable absorption in a Common Market whose scheme of inter-national industrial and commercial mergers is an essential feature of the drive towards ever-expanding monopoly) would seal our national destruction.

The Party Racket

So long as the established political parties remain subservient to dark financial forces instead of responding to the deepest instincts of the people, so

long will party politics and the squalid festivals that accompany them every four or five years remain a gigantic bluff. Many years ago Cecil Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc exposed that bluff. Even George Bernard Shaw felt prompted to describe democracy as like a balloon released into the air, that the people might crane their necks to watch its ascent while the business of picking their pockets continued apace. In the June 1983 election, as in every other that I can recall to mind, few of the really vital matters affecting the British future have been put fairly and squarely to the voters, yet party promises about trifling domestic issues abounded. It is by setting electors one against the other on issues that are either fictitious or of little fundamental significance that the manipulators behind the scenes strengthen their stranglehold, irrespective of the outcome of the contest.

I doubt if my perplexed Tory lady, preoccupied as she has been with her mimic warfare, possesses any notion of the preposterous nature of the charade in which she has been caught up. In all likelihood, she will be back in 1988 or whenever with unabated zeal.

HE KEPT HIS TRUE COURSE

August 16th, 1983, is the tenth anniversary of the death of our brave and brilliant founder, A. K. Chesterton. By his unrivalled genius and courage, he launched, set and held *Candour* on its course for twenty years. His hand never failed. For another ten years now, his friends and admirers have kept his offspring in being. In the words of one of *Candour's* faithful supporters, "that is the only tribute that he would really appreciate."

Another reader has sent us these words, the author of which is unknown:

"The greatest want in the world is the want of men. Men who will not be bought or sold. Men who in their inmost life are true and honest. Men who do not have to fear to call sin by its right name. Men whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for what is right though the heavens fall."

A. K. Chesterton was such a man. He devoted his life to ruthlessly and fearlessly exposing the truth. He gave hope to all who dare to desire a resurgence of the British spirit.

Our people still do not know what was their loss in his parting, of what mark of man it was who has gone. But we know.

BROADCASTING BUNK

There are many precedents for the re-writing of history to present different people in a more favourable light, but now that the purveyors of multi-racialism are taking a hand in the game, the results can be side-splitting. A recent effort involved a B.B.C.-T.V. schools broadcast on "prejudice". In it a Black "historian" informed his captive audience in schools up and down the country that it was nonsense to suggest Whites like Rhodes or Livingstone had brought civilisation to Africa. Were children not aware that Egypt was a "Black African civilisation" and that "nearly all the Pharaohs" had been Negro? These followed the inevitable rant about re-writing "racist" history books.

Presumably, we may expect similar ethnic comic turns to afflict other areas of schools broadcasting. Soon, no doubt, there will be a multi-cultural science programme persuading its adolescent viewers that Africa is in the forefront of the conquest of space. The masquerade need look no further for material than the Zambian project in 1965 to place the first woman in orbit. This involved launching, by means of a sapling bent back, a capsule built out of old dustbins soldered together. Laughable though such antics are, the Zambian Government regarded its great scientific venture seriously enough to apply to UNESCO for a £7,500,000 grant!

PYM'S NUMBER DONE

Thank you, dear Francis
For holding the child
The Argentine infant
Malvinas, self-styled.

Our Invincible role
Some Endurance did lack
Inevitably
There was someone to sack.

Thus, Iron Ladies
Must give the chop
To Lords or to lackeys
When clangers are drop't.

Thank you, dear Francis
You handled, like Hell,
Menéndez, the U.N. —
And Europe as well!

Holding the baby
Can be quite an art
But nappy once changed
We can make a new start.

Talk which is careless
Costs lives as you know —
To deny me a landslide
Was asking to go.

So thanks, once again
To you, Francis, my dear
It is such a pity
You're too young for a peer.

In the back-benches
You can contemplate
On species of female
Which doth eat its mate.

Hard luck, dear Francis
I think we are quits —
How bloody presumptuous
To forecast me no blitz!

B. E. BIGGS.

UTTER REPUGNANCE

Utter "repugnance"
O Thatcher beware
For the Front have cognisance —
Foul smells scent YOUR lair.

The stink of employment
Which millions have not
Whilst alien pageant
Makes job-market blot.

The Tory's one promise
To halt ethnic tide —
Just their campaign-kiss
Taking Brits for a ride.

She talks of "Our nation"
"Unity" and "Pride"
But ignores the great chasm
Purposeful to divide.

The Argentine ambush
So loosely allowed
A convenient "Hush"
And Tory unbowed.

The Dirt-Common Market
So Tory connived
Proved upside-down packet
As ever devised.

Car-bomb in Jo'burg
Our elite "never heard"
South Africa hits back
Then "Both acts are abhorred".

O Iron Lady
How rusty the show
Of ethics untidy
And morals in tow.

Utter repugnance
Wins stale Tory cake
Deceit with avengance
In Finnegan's wake.

B. E. BIGGS.

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MRS. THATCHER'S "FARCE OF HISTORY"

The repeated references to "Victorian values" that have appeared in newspapers and television discussion programmes of late apparently spring from a statement made by Margaret Thatcher in a *Weekend World* interview last January, when she said she would welcome a return to the values of a century ago. Mrs. Thatcher's earnest espousal of ethics from the corridors of history arises, so we are told, from her admiration for all the thrusting and dynamic entrepreneurs, who took as their gospel Samuel Smiles' classic work, *Self-Help*. Having helped themselves to sufficient prosperity, these kindly gentlemen then sat back to enjoy what the Prime Minister described as "that feeling of beneficence" by endowing schools and hospitals and subscribing to send grateful paupers off to inhale the bracing air of Skegness for a day.

Perhaps nostalgia acts as an anaesthetic — that, at any rate, was the view expressed on B.B.C.2's *Time-watch* programme on June 2nd. For Mrs. Thatcher has been somewhat selective in choosing what to acknowledge inspires her from the Victorian era. Observing the rough-and-tumble state of Britain's economy — with one crisis leading to another, with a free-for-all conducted without regard for the national well-being, with private concerns ostensibly providing free competition but more often than not taking each other over in their bids for monopoly, with budgets and pay awards that enable the rich to get richer and the poor to get poorer, and much more besides — we find it quite remarkable that Mrs. Thatcher has said nothing of another Victorian legacy inherited by her Party, viz. its incorporation into government policy of many points from the *laissez-faire* school of economic liberalism.

Unbridled Values

The following extracts, which are taken from a book written by Sir Arnold Lunn in 1936 and entitled *Within That City*, concern the unbridled economic values that held such strong sway in the Victorian period, particularly in its early years. Lunn touches, too, on the way in which the social encyclicals of the Roman Catholic Church have stood out against the consequences of such unchecked individualism. We cannot repeat enough our conviction that if only government policies sought to reflect the spirit of these momentous documents — perhaps through the framework of a modern guild system — our nation would function much more as an organic whole, with its constituent parts working in harmony instead of discord.

"More than eighty years have passed since a great Pope delighted all progressive thinkers by a pronouncement which, in the opinion of enlightened critics, committed the Church irrevocably to a suicidal policy. Pius IX, in the encyclical of 1854, condemned the statement that the Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself with progress, with liberalism, with modern civilisation . . . Those Catholics who were infected by the mental fashion of the moment read this pronouncement with acute misgiving. Lord Acton, whose intellect remained Catholic, but whose emotions were engaged in the cause of liberalism, was so provoked by the pronouncements and policy of Pius IX that he lost his balance and his judgement . . .

"Lord Acton was convinced that it was not only the business but the duty of the Roman pontiff to reconcile himself with liberalism . . . Liberalism was demonstrably true. *Laissez-faire* economics was an exact science which rested on a basis of impregnable fact. Liberalism was the emancipator which had freed men from the tyranny of monkish superstition, from mediaeval economics with their absurd belief in the possibility of arriving at 'a just price,' a price which would include a fair living wage for the workman. Prices were determined by the iron law of supply and demand. It was the duty of all those who believed in freedom to do nothing to impair the freedom of economic law. In the sacred name of liberalism, Mr. Bright had protested against all interference with those factory laws which chained little children to the machines. Modern civilisation owed its prosperity to free trade, to the Parliamentary system and to the dissociation of economics from religion. The tempo of progress was being speeded up. Utopia was just round the corner. All that was necessary was to enlarge the area of free trade . . .

"The papal pronouncements, which in 1854 were regarded as incurably reactionary, read today like an inspired forecast of enlightened contemporary opinion. Nor is this a unique instance of the re-discovery, by the disillusioned victims of progressive thinkers, of truths which the Church has never ceased to defend.

"I have just been reading a brilliant book, *The Forward View*, by a gifted writer who may perhaps be surprised to learn how closely many of his economic views accord with those expressed by the great papal encyclicals. For Mr. Amery's 'Forward View' is in some respects a 'backward view.' He has been anticipated by the Popes, by Pius IX, by Leo

XIII and by the present Pope. The following passages, of which the first two are quoted from papal encyclicals and the third from Mr. Amery's book, illustrate the Church's habit of anticipating the theories of discerning critics. Nor need this surprise us, for the malady which these discerning critics deplore is partly due to the fact that the Church's warnings have been disregarded.

"In 1891 Pope Leo XIII issued his famous encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, in the course of which he wrote:

"Some opportune remedy must be found quickly for the misery and wretchedness pressing so unjustly on the majority of the working class: for the ancient working-men's guilds were abolished in the last century, and no other protective organisation took their place. Public institutions and the laws set aside the ancient religion. Hence by degrees it has come to pass that working-men have been surrendered, isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition. The mischief has been increased by rapacious usury which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless, under a different guise, but with the like injustice, still practised by covetous and grasping men. To this must be added that the hiring of labour and the conduct of trade are concentrated in the hands of comparatively few; so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the labouring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself."

"Forty years later, in 1931, the present Pope, Pius XI, reaffirmed the social teaching of the Catholic Church in his encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*, in which he wrote:

"Just as the unity of human society cannot be built upon class-warfare, so the proper ordering of economic affairs cannot be left free to competition alone. From this source have proceeded in the past all the errors of the "individualistic" school. This school, ignorant or forgetful of the social and moral aspect of economic matters, teaches that the State should refrain in theory and practice from interfering, because these possess in free competition and open markets a principle of self-direction better able to control them than any created intellect. Free competition, however, though within certain limits just and productive of good results, cannot be the ruling principle of the economic world; this has been abundantly proved by the consequences that have followed from the free rein given to these dangerous individualistic ideals. It is therefore very necessary that economic affairs be once more sub-

jected to, and governed by, a true and effective guiding principle. Still less can this function be exercised by the economic supremacy which within recent times has taken the place of free competition; for this is a headstrong and vehement power which, if it is to prove beneficial to mankind, needs to be curbed strongly and ruled with providence. It cannot, however, be curbed and governed by itself. More lofty and noble principles must therefore be sought in order to control this supremacy sternly and uncompromisingly; to wit, social justice and social charity."

Irresistible Power

"And a little later the Pope adds:

"It is patent that in our days not alone is wealth accumulated, but immense power and despotic economic domination are concentrated in the hands of a few, and that those few are frequently not the owners, but only the trustees and directors of invested funds, who administer them at their good pleasure.

"This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the life-blood to the entire economic body, and grasping, as it were, in their hands the very soul of production, so that no one dare breathe against their will.

"This accumulation of power, the characteristic note of the modern economic order, is a natural result of limitless free competition, which permits the survival of those only who are the strongest, which often means those who fight most relentlessly, who pay least heed to the dictates of conscience."

There is an obvious parallel between the views expressed by these Popes and Mr. Amery's condemnation of the individualistic *laissez-faire* theory of economic liberalism which we find on page 77 of *The Forward View*:

"The central core of the theory was the right of every man to do what he liked with his own: to buy or sell what and where he chose, to enter into any agreement he considered profitable, subject only to the obligation to fulfil the terms of a contract legally entered into. In domestic matters this meant the complete abolition of status . . .

"The theoretical equality and freedom of all threatened rapidly to bring about the complete degradation of large sections of the working classes. The working man, in theory a free competitor, found himself and his wife and children reduced to the position of mere instruments of production, instru-

ments for which their user had none of the responsibility of the slave-owner, who knows that slaves are expensive and have to be replaced if worn out by overwork or under-feeding. Half-naked women and children crawled about as beasts of burden in the mines, to help make up the living wage which the theorists smugly explained was all that could ever be obtainable by the mass of mankind. A day divided almost equally between the factory and the slum was, from infancy to premature old age, the vision which the new era opened out to ever-multiplying millions' . . .

"A few months before he was killed a very gifted young man, Viscount Knebworth, summed up the disillusion of many who once believed in the traditional tenets of Victorian liberalism:

"I think the whole doctrine of liberalism which has pervaded and ruled the world since the Renaissance has been one ghastly futile blunder . . . The doctrine of liberalism has produced neither order nor liberty, but only a chaotic, faithless, unprincipled, dishonest muddle. It is the supreme farce of history . . ."

PROMISES OF RUIN

What if our party politicians had *promised* to do what they *have actually achieved* between them over the years? What if they had pledged to:

1. devalue the purchasing power of the pound and raise prices to record levels;
2. run down our industries and create vast unemployment;
3. import millions of Afro-Asian immigrants to add to and create more problems here;
4. add £5-£10 to the average family food bill each week and erode our rights and sovereignty by subordinating us to Common Market rule;
5. create such a permissive society that crime and violence are higher than ever and even the Queen is not safe in her own bed;
6. bow to terrorism in Rhodesia and even in the United Kingdom, instead of firmly stamping it out;
7. show such weakness by running down our armed forces that other nations are encouraged to attack us, as in the Falklands;
8. increasingly sell out British interests to the Americans and Russians and, while declaring the latter an enemy, constantly help build them up with technological and financial aid?

Would the foolish, acquiescent electorate *still* have voted for the party politicians and thus truly *deserved* the ruin that has befallen our unfortunate nation?

CLIVE FARRER.

If Mrs. Thatcher is reluctant to admit fully the Victorian pedigree of her Government's handling of the economy, one former Minister, at least, is not. "I am a nineteenth century liberal," John Nott told *The Guardian* late last year. "So is Mrs. Thatcher. That's what this Government is all about." In ignoring the lessons of history and persisting with the worn-out, discredited doctrine of *laissez-faire*, albeit cast in a twentieth-century mould (there is little prospect of a return to the "complete degradation" of the labouring classes that brought so much shame to the nineteenth century), Margaret Thatcher offers no alternative to the chaotic and unprincipled economic muddle that wiser and more discerning thinkers have recognised since 1854 as an intrinsic feature of the liberal ethic.

* * * *

The papal encyclicals, *Rerum Novarum* (Pope Leo XIII) and *Quadragesimo Anno* (Pope Pius XI), are available, price 95p. each, from The Britons Catholic Library, 44 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RA.

INIMITABLE AFRICA

Nigerian soccer fans halted an international match in Lagos one Saturday in May, the *Daily Telegraph* reported, after accusing the visiting Ivory Coast team's goal-keeper of using magic. They invaded the pitch claiming that the goal-keeper from Abidjan had tried to bury a mysterious object in his goal-mouth and then swallowed a "ju-ju" magic token. Mounted police broke up the riot and the match was abandoned. We suppose these Nigerian football fans qualify for the description "soccer voodoo-ligans".

Meanwhile, the *Johannesburg Star* informs us that in Kenya a Masai tribesman has been arrested for smashing a glass case at the wild life department headquarters in Nairobi and spearing a stuffed lion. Police were told that the Masai warrior had vowed to attack every lion he ever saw after his brother had been killed by one. The Masai is an employee of the Kenya Ministry of Higher Education.

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CONFUSION AND CONSPIRACY

by "P.W."

A type of literature has been making its appearance over the past few years whose aim seems to be to counter by means of a tactic of confusion Right-wing analyses of the Internationalist Conspiracy to destroy all the nation-states of the West and set up a One-World government. The idea seems to be that if it has become too difficult to hide or disprove the existence of *the* Conspiracy, then the next best thing is to invent the existence of a number of other conspiracies, some of them doing some of the things that the Right-wing says *the* Conspiracy is doing. If they can be well-publicised through television programmes and well-illustrated books, with an impressive parade of apparent research and scholarship, then attention can be diverted from Right-wing arguments and the conspirators' plans can safely go on with everyone agog with interest but all looking in the wrong direction.

Priory of Zion

The argument of one such book, *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail* by Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln (Jonathan Cape, 1982), is that ever since the time of the Merovingian kings of France, who ruled between the fifth and eighth centuries A.D., their blood line has continued to exist and a movement dedicated to restore them to the paramount throne of Europe has existed as well. At different periods in history this movement, which is called the Priory of Zion (Prieuré de Sion), has had a very powerful sub-surface influence on the course of political events. At the time of the Crusades, for instance, Godfroi de Bouillon, who liberated Jerusalem at the head of the Christian army, was allegedly a direct Merovingian successor. When he died in 1100 A.D., his brother Baudouin accepted the throne of a Frankish kingdom of Jerusalem which endured for ninety years. The Knights Templar are said to have been founded to protect this kingdom, and even after its fall they still upheld the family who were divinely ordained to rule it. They were suppressed in 1307 by Philippe le bel of France, but the Prieuré de Sion, which is said to have initiated the founding of the Order of the Templars, continued to exist and exists to this day.

The book gives a list of the Grand Masters of the Prieuré. Along with many credible names from French aristocratic families, we find a number of quite incredible ones. Thus Nicolas Flamel, the

alchemist, is listed between 1398 and 1418, Leonardo da Vinci from 1510 to 1519, Isaac Newton from 1691 to 1727, Claude Debussy the composer from 1885 to 1918 and the homosexual artist and film director Jean Cocteau from 1918 to 1963. Each one of these in his time was, so it is said, the supreme director of a movement which had not merely a political but also a mystical influence in the course of European history. For its ramifications are said to extend into Rosicrucianism and Freemasonry, to have inspired the prophecies of Nostradamus, and to be gathering momentum today for a sudden revelation which will revolutionise the twentieth century political scene and inaugurate the reign of Le Grand Monarch on a European or possibly even a world throne!

But what is so particular about the Merovingian blood-line that it can command such relentless reverence? Here, indeed, is the revelation of the book, to which all its circumlocation and pseudo-scholarship leads up. The blood-line, allegedly, is that of Jesus Christ Himself, who is supposed to have married Mary Magdalene, she escaping with their children to France after the sack of Jerusalem by Titus in 70 A.D. Christ is said to have survived the crucifixion and perished when he was nearly eighty in the siege of the fortress of Masada. Why he did not accompany Mary Magdalene to France is not explained.

What is so uncomfortable about such nonsense is that there are people who will be prepared to believe it, bolstered up as it is with impressive charts, king lists, photographs of inscriptions and tombs, and so on. Such "scholarship" gives encouragement and apparent confirmation to the conviction that there is something going on behind the scenes in the political field, but very carefully diverts it. It was quite a stroke of genius, for instance, to use the name "the Priory of Zion". The authors did not themselves originate the name, apparently; it was assiduously fed to them through a series of books and pamphlets deposited in the Bibliothèque Nationale de France. The Prieuré de Sion, of course, is not Jewish — it is French. Its only possible connection with Jewry is through the blood-line of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Nevertheless, the name irresistibly reminds the reader of the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion and the book is adamant that there is a connection. The Protocols, it maintains, were a forgery based on an authentic docu-

ment issued by the Priory of Zion, but distorted in such a way as to make it inflammatory and politically subversive and with the Jews figuring as its authors. Though repeatedly proved innocent, the Jews have not subsequently been able to shake off the suspicion cast on them in this way. The writer of this article will be interested to see how many nationalists will be convinced by the story. For himself, it was this particular section of the book which opened his eyes to the drift of the whole thing.

Diversiory Works

The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail is only one of a number of books that have argued the existence of one kind of conspiracy or another. In the United States we have had Robert Wilson's *Illuminatus* trilogy of novels, which purports to reveal facts in the guise of fiction about a real occult society of Illuminati existing in the present day. Wilson is a friend of the drug-advocate Timothy Leary and an extraordinary mystical Illuminatus cult appears to have developed in the hippy and post-hippy sub-world of America following the appearance of his books.

Alternative 3 by Leslie Watkins, published by Sphere Books in 1978, claims that while pretending to be enemies, Russia and America have been secretly collaborating since the early 1950's with regular meetings of representatives in submarines under the Polar ice. The flying saucer phenomenon is, in reality, technology secretly developed by the two in concert. They are aware that colossal natural disasters are imminent and are planning to evacuate an elite of chosen individuals to a refuge by means of their flying saucers! Slave labour is working on the project site and the whole thing has to be kept secret — anyone who reveals or is suspected of intending to reveal anything about it is quickly and efficiently murdered. Interesting enough, *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail* also attributes a number of recent murders to a connection with the Prieuré de Sion and a tendency to be too outspoken about it. *Alternative 3* is capitalising on the flying saucer mystery and investing it with a political significance. Anything that attracts public curiosity may clearly be used as a focus for the suggestion of a conspiracy, thereby diverting attention away from the real one.

One of the first and most important of these alternative conspiracy books is *The Spear of Destiny* by Trevor Ravenscroft (Neville Spearman, 1972). Its sub-title claims to expose "the occult power behind the spear which pierced the side of Christ" and, like *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*, the Christian's curiosity about anything connected with his Saviour

is capitalised on, although no blasphemous allegations are made in this book. *The Spear of Destiny* is a study by a follower of Rudolf Steiner, the founder of the Anthroposophical movement, of the history of Germany from an occult point of view from the early years of this century through the two world wars. It focuses on the personality of Hitler, who is portrayed as having been the tool of demonic powers, but it also regards a number of writers and other figures in sensitive political positions as possessed by dark forces. The conspiracy here is more than human; it is a war of evil against light, with the German nation wholly recruited on the side of evil. The Jews are cast in their familiar role as innocent sufferers, millions of them dying as the sinister plot is played out around them. The book is pretentious and fantastic, yet it has achieved a following because it seems to supply an answer to that half-spoken question we are all conscious of: "just what *is* going on behind the scenes in this world of ours?"

There *is* a conspiracy going on for world control and the overthrow of Christian religion. It is ruthless and evil, and its tentacles extend into practically every conceivable facet of life. It can be discerned and understood, however, by any person who is prepared to look directly at it and admit to himself what he sees. Books such as those discussed in this article are designed to induce people *not* to use their powers of observation and deduction; instead, to indulge in fantasies. *Candour* readers and other Nationalists who are involved in the fight for truth would do well to make themselves familiar with such volumes in order to equip their minds to combat the confusion and diversions that they generate.

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WHAT PRICE TRUTH?

A valuable insight into the methods used to suppress facts and opinions detrimental to the mysterious forces shaping world affairs is provided in the treatment accorded to James Keegstra, a school-teacher in Alberta, Canada. His case has been brought to our attention by a good friend of his who subscribes to *Candour*.

Mr. Keegstra was employed for fourteen years at Eckville High School in Lacombe county. In his social studies class, he included a lesson on the theory of the Jewish conspiracy. Last year a complaint was made about this to the school's board of governors and in December the decision was taken to sack him. The board's chairman, Sandra Weidner, declared that as Mr. Keegstra was teaching about a theory that was "only fiction", then it should not be taught at all!

Nothing Derogatory

One governor, however, opposed the decision. Having heard Mr. Keegstra at a meeting of the board repeat the commentary he had expounded to his students, Mr. Bill Zuidhof said that he "could find no fault" in the way it was presented. The theory "could very well be true," he added. When asked by the *Alberta Advocate* if that meant he thought a conspiracy *did* exist, he replied, "I think there's more chance yes than no"!

Mr. Zuidhof affirmed that there was "nothing derogatory" about Jews in Mr. Keegstra's lecture. The teacher himself said that his talk concerned "the ideological beliefs of a small number of Jews" and included "no rancour" for the majority of Jews. "All my history teachings were based on ideology and political beliefs, not race and religion," he stressed.

It was of little consequence that Mr. Keegstra strenuously avoided giving any kind of racial or religious offence in his teaching. For in bringing to his students' notice the discernible Jewish influence in the master-policies of internationalism, he had touched upon the most proscribed of subjects. It is an area of the secret history of our times that those who mould what people listen to or read are determined should not be disclosed, even in a whisper.

Not unexpectedly, therefore, the fuss did not die down with James Keegstra losing his licence to teach and, thus, his livelihood. He also happens to be Eckville's mayor and so calls were not long in being made by bodies like the local Chamber of

Commerce for his resignation. Commendably, he has no intention of bowing to their demands for, as he told the press, "a man doesn't resign if he has not done anything wrong."

In May, churchmen joined together in a strong attack on the "climate of hatred and bigotry" which he is alleged to have injected into Alberta. This vindictive statement, coming from representatives of the Anglican, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Presbyterian, United and Mormon churches (not forgetting the Evangelical Ministerial Association — *there's* some ecumenism for you!) followed a week of "private meetings" with B'nai B'rith. "Manipulations" would be a more appropriate description of the tactics employed by this insidiously powerful Jewish propagandist organisation, and it is with the mention of B'nai B'rith's presence behind the scenes that we begin to appreciate the reason for the range and intensity of the protests against Mr. Keegstra. After the Church leaders' declaration, Rabbi Chaim Scherta, chairman of the Rabbinical Council of Calgary, expressed satisfaction that they had danced to the required tune and displayed "true concern" about "the spread of anti-semitism".

Not to be outdone, the Jewish "Witchfinder-General", Simon Wiesenthal, sent a telegram to the Albertan Government in which he, too, expressed his "concern". The reply came from no less a figure than the Prime Minister, who promised that the province's Human Rights Commission would conduct an "education programme against racism" and the Education Minister would investigate whether "tolerance for minorities" could be fostered better in schools!

Is it not incredible that one school-teacher's lesson in an insignificant place like Eckville should provoke such a strident shrilling right up to the level of Prime Minister, with newspaper editorials across the country intent on his vilification? The yelps of rage directed at James Keegstra, who has displayed immense courage and fortitude in the face of the storm, remind us of the telling passage in Josephine Tey's novel, *The Daughter of Time*:

"It's an odd thing, but when you tell someone the true facts of a mythical tale, they are indignant not with the teller but with you. They don't *want* to have their ideas upset. It rouses some vague uneasiness in them, I think, and they resent it. So they reject it and refuse to think about it. If they were merely indifferent, it would be natural and understandable. But it is much stronger than that — much more positive. They are annoyed, Very odd, isn't it?"

OUT OF THE MASONIC BAG

by ANTHONY BEAMISH

Any Mason will tell you that British Freemasonry, unlike movements of the same name in other countries, is a purely social and charitable organisation, and could never be accused even by the most suspicious minds of possessing any political or subversive associations. Its activities are wholly beneficent and altruistic, Masons claim, pointing to its hospitals and schools and benevolent funds for the relief of distressed Brethren and their dependents.

Such efforts to satisfy public opinion about Freemasonry's ostensibly charitable nature ignore the Order's dual form. It consists, in fact, of two distinct lines of thought. One is exoteric and is fit to be communicated to the public along the lines described in the opening paragraph, while the other is secret, mysterious and taught to only a select few. In the official newspaper *The Freemason* on March 18th, 1939, Worshipful Brother H. H. Allen of Victoria explained the dichotomy thus:

"When we speak of the exoteric side of Freemasonry, we mean just what appears on the surface, or what is clear and understandable to the great majority of the Brethren who do not take the trouble to read between the lines of the ritual, or to delve into the hidden mysteries and symbolism. As to the esoteric aspect of Freemasonry, we refer to the deeper and hidden meanings of the lessons it tries to teach us by its allegories and symbolism. This esoteric aspect is the more important one, for taken as a whole Freemasonry is esoteric in its conception and construction. The great majority of Freemasons belong to the exoteric class . . . An esoteric Freemason will not be content with the substituted secrets. He will long for the genuine ones, and to obtain them, he must become a Royal Arch companion."

What this means, in effect, is that the English Grand Lodge, with its first Three Degrees of "Blue" Masonry (Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason) constitutes the nursery for the selection of initiates for the higher esoteric Masonry. Reference to *The Freemason*, this time on September 5th, 1936, makes the position abundantly clear: It is, of course, the case that the higher degrees, with the exception of those appertaining to the Royal Arch, are not officially recognised by the Grand Lodge of England, and that from this point of view they are outside the scope of Craft Masonry; but they are not discountenanced by Grand Lodge, and are in general practised by the more important Craft

Masons, and governed very largely by Brethren whose responsibilities for the conduct of Craft Masonry are also very considerable. *The non-recognition is really merely technical and accidental*" (our italics — Ed.).

Age-Old Antagonism

It is to the provision of an awareness in the public's mind of the *real* objects of Freemasonry (which are concealed, also, from the ordinary Mason who remains a member of one of the first Three Degrees and unknowingly lends a foundation of respectability to something that is anything but respectable) that a newly-published four-page newspaper* dedicates itself.

The author, who for professional reasons is obliged to employ the pseudonym "Ned Kelly", sets out in easily-assimilable form a variety of detail, often justified by quotations from Masonic documents of unimpeachable and unquestioned authenticity, about the Craft's age-old antagonism to the whole of the civilisation, culture and way of life of Christian Europe. As Fr. Paul Sanders remarked of Freemasonry in the *Catholic Herald's* "Question Box" only on April 29th of this year, it has sought "the destruction of religion and a re-working of the traditional ideas on property, society, marriage, etc." Although, disturbingly, the Roman Catholic Church's new Codex of Canon Law appears to herald a softening in the Vatican's attitude to the Craft, in so far as it no longer imposes excommunication for belonging to a lodge, successive Popes from Clement XII in 1738 to Pius XII in 1954 have condemned Freemasonry for its pantheistic, anti-Christian and secretive nature, and enjoined Catholics to have nothing to do with it.

The invariable well-intentioned but ignorant objection of some people is that whilst the accusations levelled at Freemasonry may very well be true of the Continental variety, they are anything but true of Grand Lodge Masonry in the English-speaking world. Certainly in 1878 the Masons of Europe split into two camps: the Grand Lodges and the Grand Orient, the latter being largely Jewish-controlled Lodges that have played a leading part in all the Red revolutions in Europe. The pretext was that the French Grand Orient expunged the paragraph referring to the existence of God from its constitution, but the real reason for the break is to be found in the rivalry between the Grand Orient of France and the "Ancient and Accepted (Scottish) Rite"

which rules Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry. However, it did not take long for bridges to be built again between the two influential rites. Mr. Kelly reveals, for example, that in 1930 the calendar of the Grand Lodge of England recorded that official relations existed with Portuguese, Spanish and Latin American Lodges, all of which are recognised by the Grand Orient. Nearer the present day, in 1973 the *Catholic Herald* reported that the English Grand Lodge acknowledged the Grand Orient of Italy as of equal status and as the sole authentic Masonic organisation in Italy. When, formerly, in 1934 the subversive Italian Lodge was closed down by Mussolini, the Grand Lodge of England officially welcomed its "refugees" here.

Such differences as apologists for Freemasonry speak of are essentially superficial. In the view of Vicomte Léon de Poncins, the noted French Catholic authority on the Craft, they are often fictions maintained for the benefit of the curious or the suspicious.

Central Intelligence

Mr. Kelly is the first to admit that in a broadsheet of four pages he cannot hope to reveal more than a fragment of the information concerning Freemasonry. This reviewer would have appreciated, though, a little more discussion on the Grand Orient's role in the French Revolution, for it is impossible to make any serious study of that momentous event without grasping Freemasonry's pivotal influence as the central intelligence that directed the revolutionary orchestra of protest. France, in 1789, counted over 2,000 lodges affiliated to the Grand Orient with at least 100,000 adepts.

In most history books, such factors as the "sorry plight of the people," the "heavy taxation," the "degeneracy of the ruling classes" or the "intellectual enlightenment of the period" are given as the causes leading to revolution. Masonic publications, anxious to cover their spoor, are practically unanimous in their disclaimers — the *Transactions of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge* of Great Queen Street, London, for example, declared in the issue of November 1969 that "no responsible historian" has ever advanced the theory of Masonic culpability. Evidently, its editor cannot have heard of Nesta Webster. Certainly, he cannot have read the historian Gaston Martin, a member of the *Grand Orient of France*, whose 1926 book, *La Franc-Maçonnerie Française et la Révolution*, won the Arthur Mille prize of 4,000 francs for its clear and plentiful documentation on the subject!

At the time of the French Revolution, Free-

masonry's hand was equally as well concealed from the public gaze. Even royal circles were apparently oblivious. In a letter on February 27th, 1781, Marie Antoinette admonished her sister for worrying too much about the Craft. "Where could the danger be?" she asked. "One might well be worried if it were a question of a political secret society. But on the contrary the Government lets it spread, and it is only that which it seems: an association, the objects of which are union and charity . . . Nor is it a society of atheists for, we are told, God is on the lips of all. They are very charitable. They bring up the children of the poor and dead members, they endow their daughters. What harm is there in all that? . . ."

On August 17th, 1790 (one year after the Revolution's outbreak), however, the Queen had formed a very different opinion! Writing to her brother, the Emperor Leopold II of Austria, she said: "Good luck, dear brother, believe in the affection of your unfortunate sister. Above all, beware of any form of Masonic association; by means of this, the Terror here and in other lands is attempting to reach the same goal." Three years later, she met her death via the guillotine.

Digression aside, Mr. Kelly's broadsheet deals authoritatively with many other aspects of Freemasonry, such as its origins and rituals and the underlying Jewish influence, in what constitutes the most up-to-date testimony available to justify opposition to this menace. Freemasonry today has not swerved one iota from the subversive path it has traced throughout the centuries. Take the Italian lodge Propaganda-2, about which Mr. Kelly writes in some detail: the murderous activities it has undertaken against its opponents, like Judge Aldo Gentile, ordinary members of the public and even its own members (the banker Robert Calvi's hanging on Blackfriars Bridge was no suicide) underline how the passing of time has failed to temper Masonry's more unscrupulous and destructive proclivities.

Is any further comment required? None, except to urge readers to assist the work of Mr. Kelly in bringing the evidence of Freemasonry's true character to as wide an audience as possible. This effort at awakening *must include the generality of rank-and-file Masons*, whom we should differentiate from the wily hard core who constitute the Craft's esoteric elite and who dragoon their following with gruesome threats of being severed in two or having their bowels burnt to ashes. The case set out by Mr. Kelly is too provocative and disturbing for any Briton to afford to ignore.

TORY BLOWS AT BLACK-AND-BLUE-POOL

by HUGH McNEILE

The League of Empire Loyalists' most serious clash with the Conservative Party came at the Tories' Blackpool conference in October, 1958. A rally on Saturday, October 11th, addressed by Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, was the scene of some of the worst physical violence to erupt at any political meeting since the 1903s.

During 1958, the League had managed to intervene at most of the Conservative Party's major rallies, so trouble was expected. Randolph Churchill wrote in the *Evening Standard* that the special security arrangements included the secondment of a number of Special Branch officers from London for the "protection" of ministers because the previous year the League had shown "how simple it is to penetrate the inefficient security arrangements made at Tory conferences." Stewards remained on guard in the rally venue — the Empress Ballroom in the Winter Gardens — throughout the night before Macmillan's appearance. However, Loyalist Michael O'Connor had already spent a whole day at the conference making detailed notes and plans by posing as a reporter!

It was Michael who launched the League's protest as Macmillan rose to speak on the Saturday. With a bugle, he sounded the first bars of the *Retreat* and then called out for the assembled Tory throng to hear that he was doing this because their leaders had betrayed Britain's imperial heritage. There were a few seconds of stunned silence . . . and then uproar. Bernard Levin, at the time a *Spectator* correspondent, saw Michael knocked to the ground, pulled rapidly to his feet and kicked down again. A *Daily Telegraph* man witnessed further blows to the back of the Loyalist's neck before he was dragged out in a state of collapse. Macmillan then started his speech, but before many minutes had passed Stanley Hulka stood up and demanded to know why the Prime Minister had allowed a colour problem to be created in Britain. Again, the Tory thugs went into action. Levin saw Stanley's arms "pinioned by those sitting on either side of him," while a party brave in front punched him repeatedly in the face. As this second Loyalist was hauled out, Tory delegates continued hitting and lunging at him. The third interruption came from Rosine de Bounevielle. She, too, was dragged from her place

and thrown across six rows of seats, amid cries of "Kill her! Kill her!"

The roughest and most brutal handling was reserved for Don Griffin. As Macmillan spoke on unemployment, he shouted out that membership of a free trade scheme with Europe would only worsen it. At this, the temper of the Tory stewards broke in all its fury on him. The *News Chronicle's* reporter saw one hold the Loyalist's arms fast to his side, another gripped his nose, a third covered his mouth and a fourth lunged at what could be seen of the rest of his face, while an outraged Tory matron assisted by twisting his testicles. He was then carried, kicking and struggling, to an office near one of the Winter Gardens' entrances. Holiday-makers in the foyer heard his cries for police help and when he emerged from the room his face was marked and running with blood. A *Reynold's News* journalist saw a pool of blood on the office floor.

Hailsham's Preposterous Defence

The ejection of Don Griffin and the other three League hecklers was carried out with considerably more than the "minimum force" that the law allows at meetings, especially as none of them, as press reports confirmed, offered any kind of resistance. The *Daily Mirror* recorded the shock of many independent observers and the Labour M.P. Maurice Edelman, who saw events in the foyer, wrote in the *Herald* that he had never seen such brutal behaviour at a political gathering. As the police, curiously, had not intervened, A. K. Chesterton wrote to Lancashire's Chief Constable asking for the offending stewards to be prosecuted. Police action was still not forthcoming, so private prosecutions were brought the following June against two named individuals. However, Don Griffin and Stanley Hulka were unable to prove these particular people had inflicted the injuries they sustained and the cases were dismissed.

In the meantime, Lord Hailsham, who was then Chairman of the Conservative Party, entered the lists in correspondence with A.K. League members had received the treatment they deserved, he opined, in view of their earlier disruptions of Tory rallies. Sin of sins, they had "grossly insulted the Prime Minister"! In any case, he "emphatically denied"

A.K.'s "allegations". In reply, the Ennobled Hogg was informed that his comments did him no honour, and the letters were put in the hand of the press. Despite Hailsham's lame defence — he admitted to A.K. that he had seen "virtually nothing of what happened" — it is clear that the violence employed at Blackpool was in part a premeditated attempt to dissuade the League from further interrupting Conservative meetings, although some Tory delegates undoubtedly lost their heads in the excitement and passion of it all. Years later in his book on the National Front, the *Guardian* journalist Martin Walker wrote that the Tory leadership had "let it be known that the stewards should make a determined effort to control" the hecklers. Levin's contemporary report recorded that several delegates to whom he spoke all approved of what happened, "most of them grinning broadly as they said so."

Blackpool's Aftermath

Although Harold Macmillan faced an indefatigable Don Griffin again at the beginning of November when he addressed a rally at the Royal Albert Hall, few Conservative Party meetings were heckled after Blackpool until the 1959 General Election, a year later. Instead, the League turned its fire on other targets. Archterrorist Makarios was hounded when in London for a Cyprus conference, the Movement for Colonial Freedom's office was re-named (with the aid of a large paint-brush) "Banda's Rebel H.Q.", and meetings addressed by African agitators like Chiume, Nyerere and Nkomo were interrupted. At one, an African steward tried a new ploy to silence League heckling he took out a box of matches and attempted to set on fire the famous red beard of Austen Brooks! The Tory stewards at Blackpool had been pretty elementary "up top", but they had not thought out anything quite as majestically primitive as that!

However, Blackpool took its toll on the League. A. K. Chesterton wrote in January 1959 of some members dropping out of the line of battle. Events at the Tory Conference had clearly frightened them into retreat, although those who left tended to be Conservative Party members who lacked the commitment to the League's ideals and tactics possessed by the more dedicated Loyalist elite. Any Tories with aspirations for party or public office must have realised that association with the League was now a political "kiss of death". One means of frightening off lingering Conservatives' support was use of the fascist smear. The *Daily Mail*, evidently forgetting its enthusiastic "Hail Mosley" headlines of the mid-'thirties, falsely and foolishly charged A.K. with

being a B.U.F. member till 1946. The movement, in fact, had been dissolved in 1940 and A.K. resigned two years before! Then Geoffrey Stevens, M.P., chose to inform an audience of party faithful at Portsmouth that some other Loyalists had once been Blackshirts. He could have used no worse occasion for his smear, for the words were barely out of his mouth when Rosine de Bouneville challenged him to deny that Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., who was chairing the meeting, had been chairman of the B.U.F. Appeals Board set up by Mosley to settle differences within that movement! Uproar ensued.

The opprobrium with which the League was now viewed in Tory circles contributed to the rift that developed at Bournemouth between its local branch and the prospective Conservative Parliamentary candidate, Captain James Friend. They had been thrown together by their common dislike for the sitting M.P., Nigel Nicholson, whose Conservative Association repudiated him for his opposition to the Suez invasion. What had angered the L.E.L. was Nicholson's answer in a 1955 election questionnaire in favour of world government and during 1958 practically every meeting he addressed was heckled. After Blackpool, Friend anxiously tried to distance himself from the League. This prompted A.K. to put correspondence in the possession of *Reynold's News* that revealed he and Friend had lunched together several times since November 1957 in order that League heckling against Nicholson could be arranged. *Candour* readers' names in the constituency were supplied to the new Tory candidate so they could be approached to join ward committees. Friend also wanted five thousand copies of Nicholson's offending questionnaire printed for distribution, but with unflattering League references to the Tories removed. His brazenly opportunist *volte-face* at the end of 1958 ended any prospect of L.E.L. support and Austen Brooks was promptly nominated to contest the seat as an Independent Loyalist. The day after, Friend resigned as Conservative candidate.

Two other Loyalists announced they would stand in the forthcoming general election: Leslie Greene at Peckham and Rosine de Bouneville at Petersfield. However, all three withdrew when the election was actually called in September 1959, claiming that sample canvassing disclosed the electorate had not yet "understood the harmful implications of policies advocated by the main parties". What weighed more heavily on A.K.'s mind in favour of ordering a withdrawal was the lack of a constituency machine in the three seats strong enough to carry the burden of each contest. He did not want the responsibility to rest on the shoulders of the League headquarters. So

Loyalists contented themselves with a campaign of vigorous heckling, making an impact on a number of Tory and Labour rallies. Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd, for example, faced League interrupters and a fifteen-feet-long banner proclaiming: "Young Conservatives Demand Self-Government For Gibraltar's Barbary Apes"!

"Home Rule For Mau Mau"

Once the 1959 election was over, A. K. Chesterton wintered in South Africa — recurring bouts of bronchitis and the killing pace of a fifteen-hour working day had taken an inevitable toll on his health — and then made a speaking tour of Australia and New Zealand in February and March 1960. League activities at home continued with undiminished panache under the direction of Austen Brooks and Aidan Mackey. As the Kenya constitutional conference opened at Lancaster House, for instance, who should step out of a taxi but two witchdoctors in full regalia, including masks and head-dresses, and carrying a placard reading: "Witchdoctors Demand Home Rule For Mau Mau".

The election precluded a Conservative Party Conference in 1959, so 1960's was the next after Blackpool. To prevent a repeat of that clash, the Tories took extraordinary security precautions. A perimeter defence was thrown around the Scarborough conference centre, with barriers set up on approaches from the sea-front in case "an attack was made from the sea," as the *Daily Sketch* put it. In fact, Austen and another Loyalist did attempt an approach by boat, but rough conditions prevented them getting close to shore. To supplement the party's own stewards, forty attendants were enlisted and supplied with photographs of League activists. The conference hall was under a twenty-four hour guard. Nevertheless, two Loyalists hecklers still managed to secure an entrance and interrupt the Prime Minister's speech. Probably, they were helped in their task by the four thousand forged tickets that A.K. had printed and distributed to Scarborough residents!

1960 and 1961 were the peak years of the first Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. From its inception, Loyalists made a point of attending C.N.D. meetings to put the case for Britain retaining the bomb. The North London branch was particularly active in this respect; it also "improved" C.N.D. slogans on walls by adding carefully-placed words, like "*Only Traitors Say Ban The Bomb*". C.N.D.'s tactic of marching at first in London and then from Aldermaston, provoked Loyalist loudspeaker vans into harrying marchers with anti-disarmament

slogans. Members became particularly adept at riding past C.N.D. columns on double-decker buses and emptying sacks of flour or soot onto the heads of the leading participants! A.K. expressed nothing but contempt for the "Aldermaston shufflers". Their "long, straggling, pathetic processions" constituted a "mindless, meaningless, meandering demonstration of vacuous heads and threadbare lives". He pondered what sexual mastery the "pasty-faced, under-sized young men" on the marches possessed.

Loyalist feelings reached a similar intensity when Jomo Kenyatta, the convicted manager of Mau Mau, visited Britain in November 1961 for talks at the Colonial Office. This bestial creature's release from detention earlier in the year had resulted in a petition of protest to the Queen and the depositing of a bag of goat's entrails on the doorstep of Colonial Secretary Ian Macleod — a reference to one of the items used in Mau Mau's unspeakably foul oath-taking ceremony. League teams were active throughout the actual visit. The Colonial Office was painted with the words "Mau Mau H.Q." and "Hang Kenyatta", and a guy of the beast was paraded up and down outside his hotel before being burned at the site of Tyburn Tree. Kenyatta himself soon found frustrated what he had hoped would be a triumphal progress when Wing-Commander Leonard Young penetrated a press conference and hurled a parcel of sheep's entrails at him. At another press conference, Avril Walters managed to strike the creature in the face and outside the Colonial Office Derek Johnson scored a direct hit with a rotten egg. When charged at Bow Street Magistrates' Court with "insulting behaviour" and fined £5, Derek retorted: "It is more of an insult to the Crown that such a man should be permitted to come here and have transactions with a Minister of the Crown." Outside, a police officer summed up what any decent Briton must have felt when he said to Derek "Fancy fining you a fiver for throwing an egg at that bugger when those bomb-banners who 'sit down' and kick us about get away with a quid or two."

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C.N.D. IN PAPAL PERSPECTIVE

We are indebted to Hamish Fraser's *Approaches* for the reminder that as long ago as 1937, in his encyclical letter *Divini Redemptoris*, Pope Pius XI described how Communism uses 'peace movements' to further its nefarious ends. He wrote:

"Thus, for example, seeing how anxiously the whole world looks for peace, the leaders of communism put themselves forward as among the most zealous supporters of efforts to establish it securely over the whole world, while at the same time they stir up class war which leads to bitter hatred and immense slaughter abroad and meet their own inner lack of security by piling up enormous armaments at home."

At least one prominent Catholic priest would appear to be ignorant of this warning, judging by his efforts to organise miles-long chains of left-wing lesbians and other creatures of indeterminate sexual preference to encircle British and American air force bases — an act that must be regarded with much favour in the East. How many times, we wonder, has he enjoined them to encircle the Soviet Embassy? Deterrents, this turbulent priest should be reminded, do stop aggression, so long, we would add, as they are retained in sovereign national hands. To argue otherwise is either to display a deplorable ignorance of history or to have some political axe to grind. Mgr. Bruno Heim's timely warning that such people may be "useful idiots," "blinker-eyed idealists" or "consciously sharing the Soviet ideology" serves as a useful diversion sign for those reluctant to travel the Old Kent Road to Slavery.

Is it worse, incidentally, to kill a million people by a nuclear device than to kill them by so-called 'conventional' methods? After all, dead is dead: the means by which the million are rendered dead is surely academic. And since the Christian C.N.D. brigade are so worried about the possible slaughter that the bomb entails, why have they not launched a similar gamut of protest at the actual slaughter of two million babies since the Herod-like Abortion Act was passed thirteen years ago.

Bernard Smith's **OPEN EYE** is a bi-monthly commentary on the terminal sickness of the Churches. Sample copy 35p. from 30 Clifton Road, Worthing, Sussex.

"PATRIOTIC ACTION GROUP — A NEW DEPARTURE." We believe it is high time for sound action. Details from Albert Elder, Flat 1, Gannet House, 6 Hartington Place, Eastbourne, Sussex.

CHURCHILL & THE MARCONI SCANDAL

Winston Churchill has many different claims to be remembered by history, some of which he is unlikely to press. Among the latter, perhaps, will be his part in the Marconi affairs, made public by Frank Owen's biography of Lloyd George. Had Northcliffe joined the ranks of the critics of the Ministers, who had been indulging in Stock Exchange gambling with shares of an American company to whose British affiliate they had given a huge governmental contract, the nation might have made up its mind to kick out of office men animated by no very elevated principle of conduct. How did Churchill come into the picture? By persuading Northcliffe not to unmask the then powerful guns of the *Daily Mail*. Writes Frank Owen:

"But there was one journalist who, strangely enough, sought to make no special 'copy' out of this red-hot story. He was Lord Northcliffe, creator of the *Daily Mail*. Yet Northcliffe had got the inside news before any of his competitors. Northcliffe had been fully informed by Winston Churchill, who had telephoned him early one morning. A few minutes later, Churchill had arrived in Northcliffe's bedroom, and there unburdened to the newspaper proprietor what seemed to be the whole story. Furthermore, Northcliffe had pledged himself to handle it in a friendly way . . ."

That must come as a surprise to those people, if any still exist, who regard newspapers as guardians of the public interest swayed by no considerations other than the public good.

Incidentally, Mr. Owen — or whoever makes the extracts from his book for the *Sunday Express* — has performed the almost miraculous feat of writing the story of the Marconi Scandal with only one reference — and that slighting — to the brave man who bore the whole burden of the exposure. Here it is.

"After the contract between the British Government and the English Marconi Company had been signed, Cecil Chesterton, editor of an anti-Semitic journal called *Eye-Witness*, coined the phrase the 'Marconi Scandal' in denouncing 'this abominable business of The Three Jews, of Samuel, the Isaacses and of the Marconi Company.'"

That is all, But no doubt Cecil Chesterton, chuckling in Valhalla, will look with indulgent eye upon both Owen and his little boss — *Candour* (November 5th, 1954).

Has any reader got a copy of L. A. Waddell's **THE BRITISH EDDA** that they would be willing to sell? Please write to The Candour Library, Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire.